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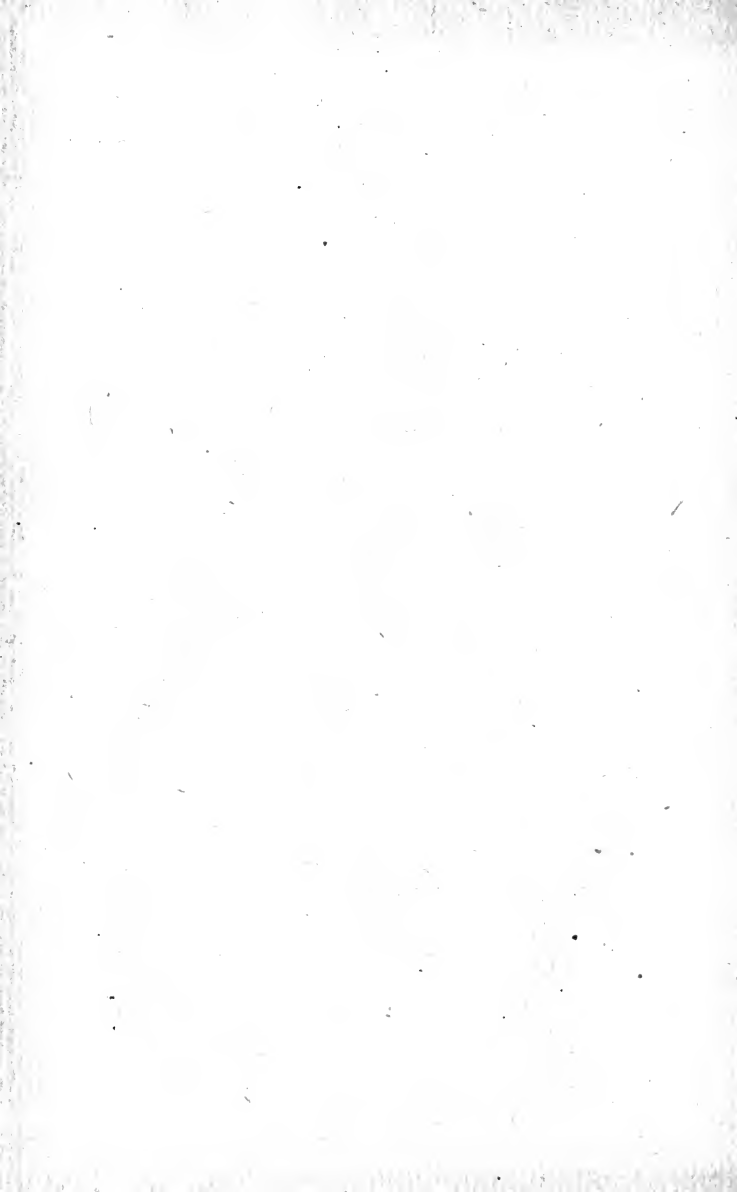
JAMES K. MOFFITT

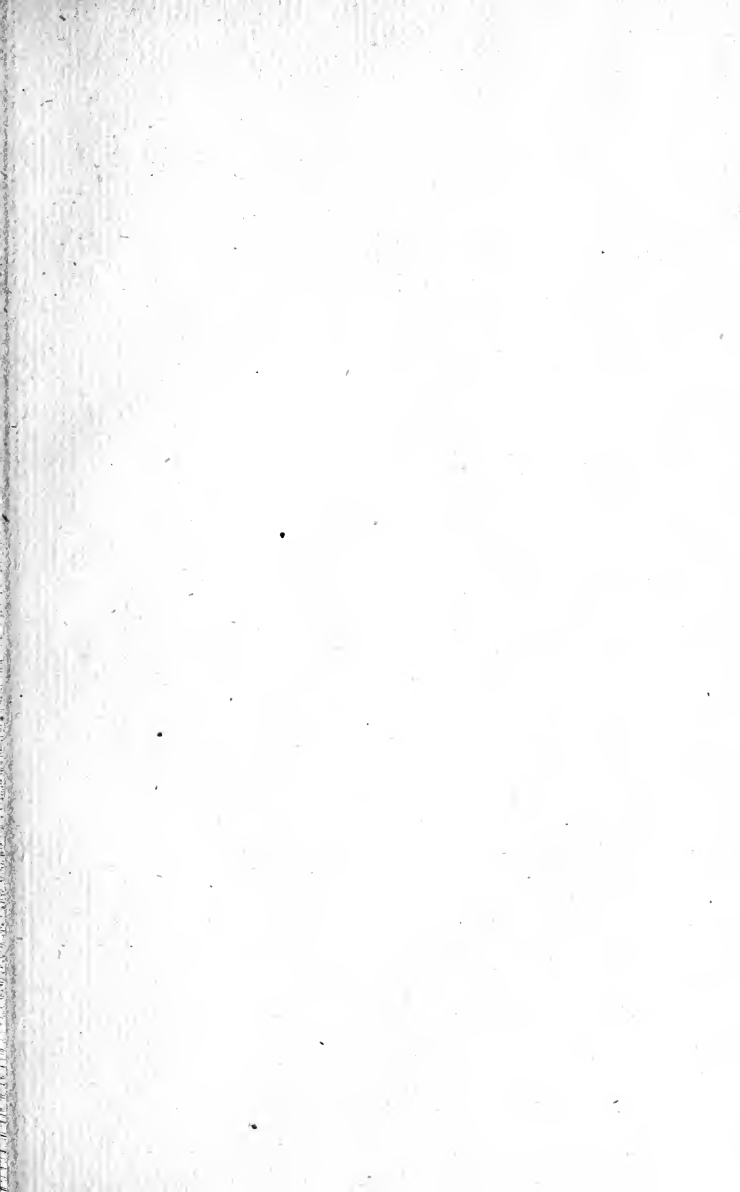


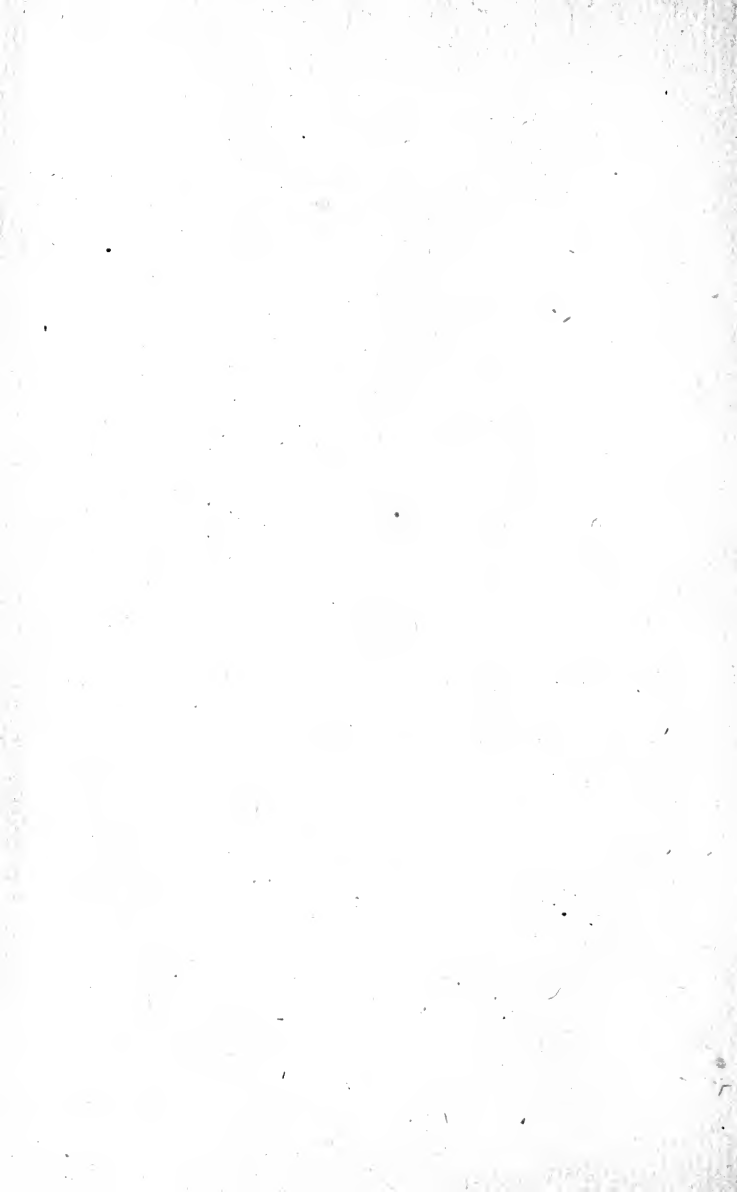
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THE SAILOR BOY.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

POET LAUREATE.



LONDON :

EMILY FAITHFULL & CO., VICTORIA PRESS.

1861.

THE SAILOR BOY.

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THE SAILOR BOY.



HE rose at dawn and flushed with
hope

Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the
rope,

And whistled to the morning star.

And while on deck he whistled loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
“ Boy, though thou art young and
proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

“ The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay ;
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play.”

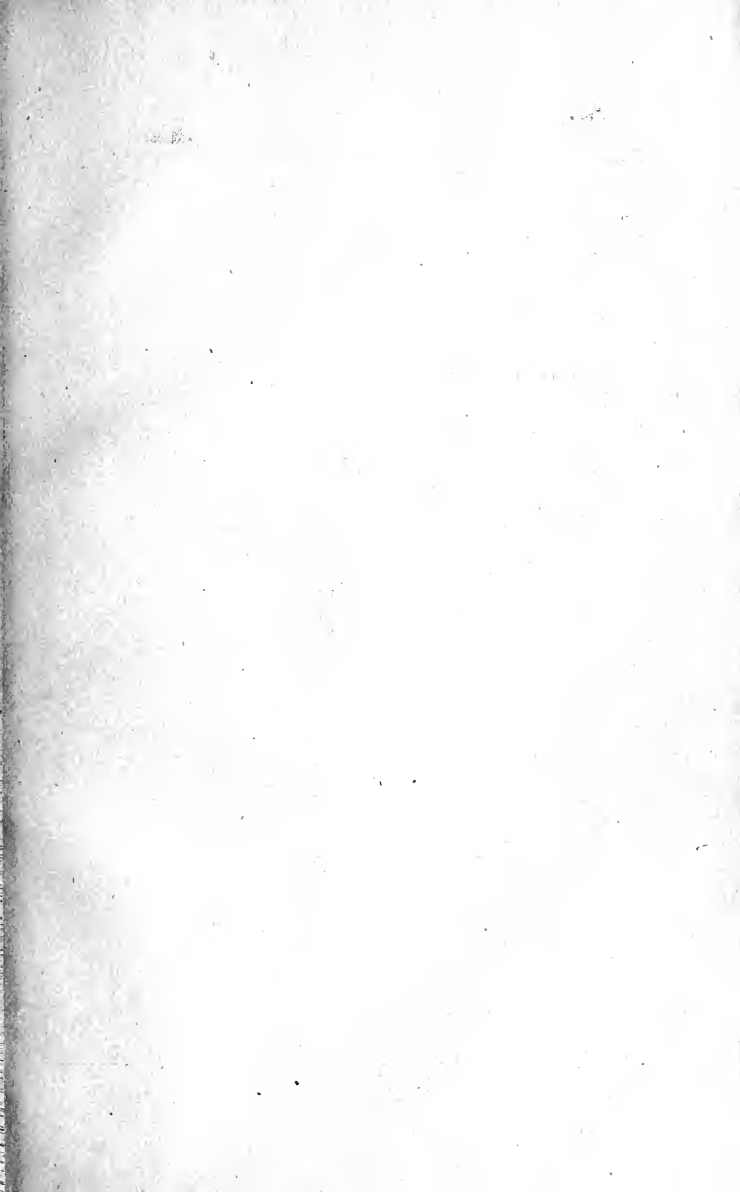
“Fool!” he answer’d, “Death is sure
To those that stay and those that
roam :

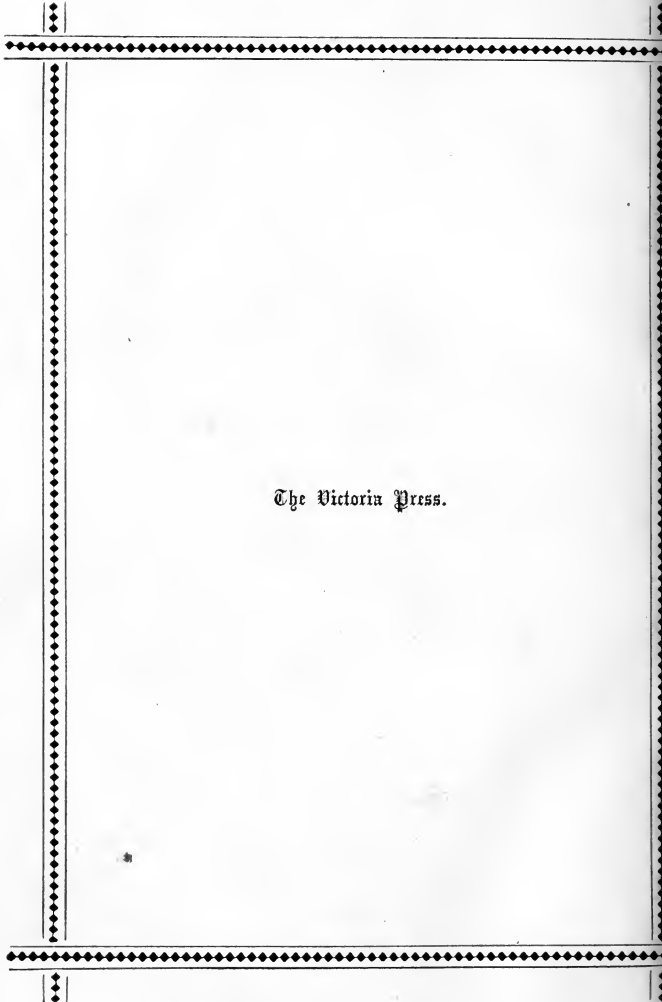
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

“My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters clamour, ‘Stay, for shame!’
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all
to blame.

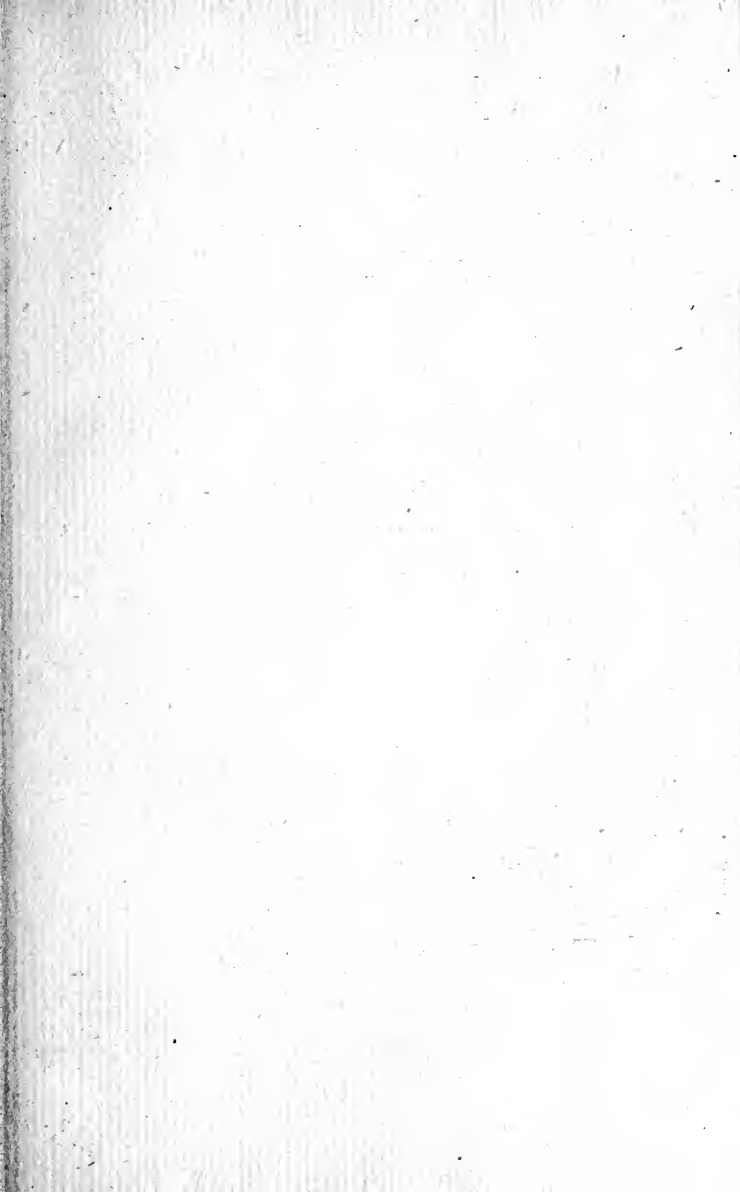
“God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A Devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.”







The Victoria Press.



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